

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

The Value of "Manners."

MANNER is a wonderful thing. It goes a very great way. In fact, there is no telling what damage you are capable of if you have manner enough.

A person who has no looks worth mentioning, a wretched voice and is not a "clever dresser" can get away with a situation successfully any time if he or she has manner enough—of the right kind.

We all have mannerisms. That is different. Most mannerisms are bad. The grave is to have as few of these as possible. Almost any play will teach the keen ones that.

A man without a cent can appear to be rolling in wealth—if he has the right kind of a manner.

A girl without any good looks can appear just as well as a professional beauty—if she has the right kind of manner. It cannot be described or acquired in a minute, but can be slowly cultivated.

Manners and a good front will go a long way, but, after all, they are not everything.

Sincerity is far beyond these things and most of the sweet people we know haven't an ounce of either.

Very few people know sincerity when they see it nowadays, and the right manner always takes with everybody.

She Is Right.

Dear Betty:
AM fourteen and am in love with a young man of sixteen. He asked me if I would leave my home and marry him. I told him that we were too young and it would only worry my mother. I told him I thought I did perfectly right. He called me a fool and all such names. Don't you think I did perfectly right?

WORRIED MAY.

Of course I do. He can't have many sense or he would know that you are too young.

He Has a Stepfather.

Dear Betty:
I WAS in love one time with a man, but cannot endure him any more, he is his ways are so peculiar. He does not like the smoking room, etc., etc. I totally hate him, but loved him some time before. I am in love with another man, but mother objects to my going with him. I hate to leave him. He is a poor workman and scarcely supports himself. He asked me to marry him, which I refused, because I don't care for him.

You would be very foolish to marry a man who is unable to support you.

Perhaps you are not sure of your mind.

I told him exactly what I thought, and tell him to understand that he was to stay away.

VERY PERTINACED.

Do just as you like about telling her.

It ought not to make any difference to her who your father was if she loves you.

Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

A Good Shampoo.

MS. K. A.—Leave off the use of the peroxide and the several other remedies and keep the head clean by a good shampoo and a mild tonic. I give you a recipe for these and trust you will have better results.

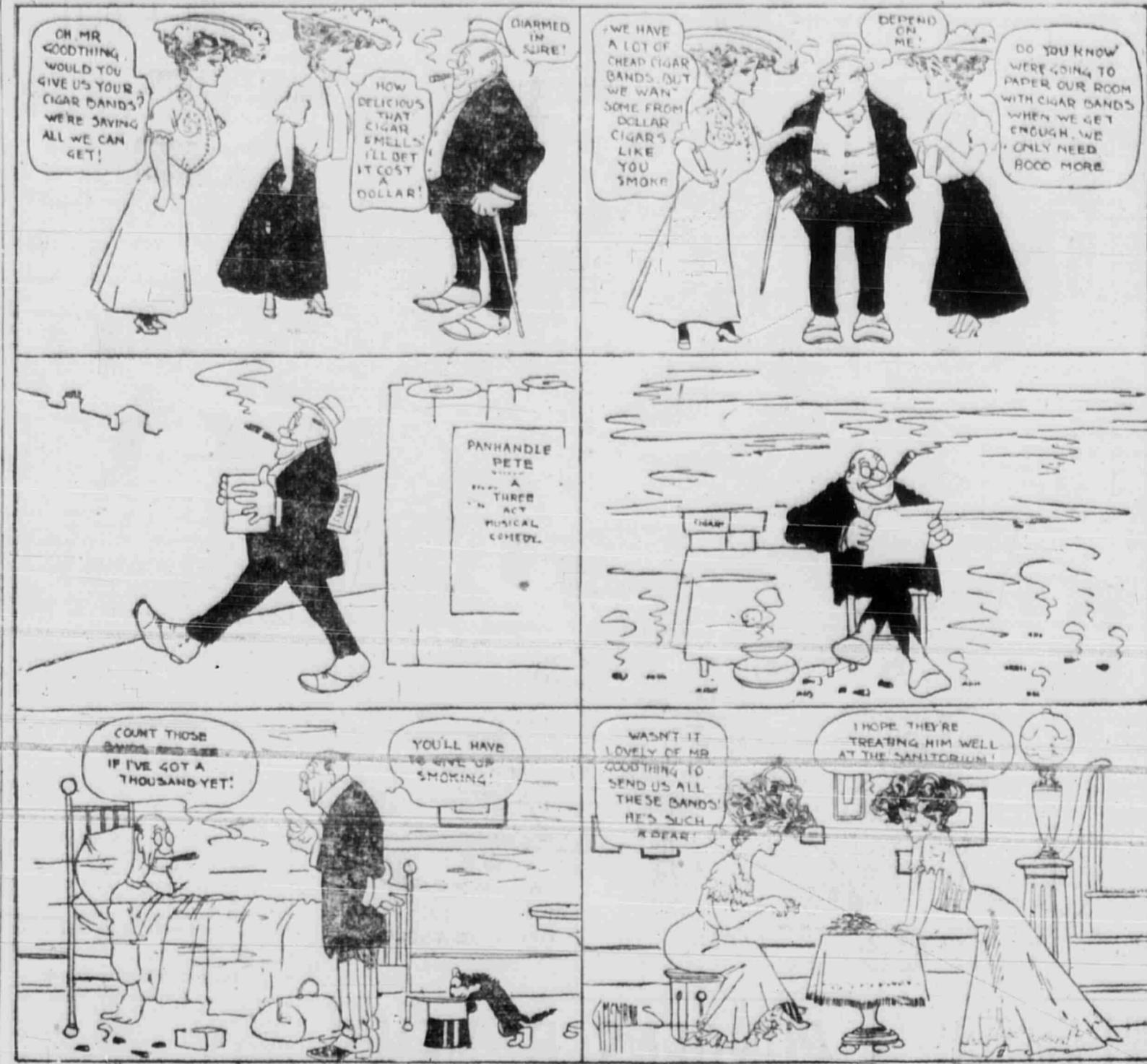
Use only one kind of tonic at one time. Here is the shampoo:

poor White castle soap, 2 ounces; potassium carbonate, 1-1/2 ounces; water, 3 ounces; alcohol, 8 ounces; tincture of quinaja, 1/2 ounce; oil of lavender, 20 drops; oil of camphor, 1/2 ounce; potassium carbonate in the water, and add the other ingredients. Rub well into the roots. Rinse thoroughly in several waters.

Hair Tonic.

R.—Here is the formula for a hair tonic: Sulphate of quinine, 30 grains; acetic acid, 2 grains; resorcin, 100 grains; water, 4 ounces; oil of eucalyptus, 2 drams; tincture of sandalwood, 3 drams; alcohol, 6 ounces. Mix, shake until dissolved and filter, apply to the roots of the hair with massage every night.

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



In Every Well-Regulated Home There Should Be a Mutual Understanding that All Members of the Household Should Have Their Hours of Relaxation—Mr. Jarr Gets His.

"B OYS," said Mr. Jarr, as he slipped into his accustomed seat at the place on the corner—boys, he has a hand of pinocchio's pronounced "pea-knickin'" and forgot the rest.

"Gimme a Pilsner, Now! They say beer makes you perspire, but according to Huxley we have nineteen millions of pores in the human body, and unless they are kept irrigated, why—" and Mr. Jarr with a magnificent gesture blew the foam off his beer.

"We'll cut for dead," said the deliessessen dealer, "and play ten cents a hundred points; the last man stuck for the drinks. I just feel like a good game of pea-knuckle. My wife she looks after the store, but by Chinniminey she gets so mad if I stay late!"

"They all get mad if you stay late," said Mr. Jarr as he dealt the cards. "What's come over the women these days? They hate to see a man have a moment's peace and comfort. They only think of wasting the money that comes into the house—Have a drink on me, fellows. That low score way is too slow. Ding it! If I don't believe they imagine they're on the police force! I'm not a kicker—I need one hundred and fifty trumps—but, by George, why do all the women act like as if a man was going to commit a crime unless they had him under their eyes all the time?"

"Yes, sir, the best of them seem to think that unless they bug it's a man going to drink—gimme another one of the same—a man's going to drink himself to death or be out gambling his money away. Play for a dollar a game on the side! Oh, all right—unless they are on the job. That's what exasperates a man so! By George! I say to my wife, 'If you'll just let me alone and attend to your own business I'll be all right.'

"I know I'll get a nice laying out when I get home, and what harm are we doing? Well, I'll stay up as long as you fellows will, for after Schwarze's close we can play in the back room, although it is so hot back there it's enough to kill you, and yet, as I was saying (huh! excuse me as I was saying), just because a woman thinks a man is having a little comfort away from her it drives her crazy!"

"Well, I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb—give us another drink! Give! gimme a hour-long highball—and I find if you come home real late they are so glad you get home at all—huh!—excuse me! that they don't roast 'youself' much as they do when you get home just 11P.M. late—huh!—excuse me."

"Two dots o'clock? Take it out this five-spot—huh!—excuse me! You got double trouble—ain't got it?—huh!—excuse me! Why? Gimme another drink! All you fellers ought to be home with your families, see? Shams on you—huh!—excuse me!—oughter be home with yer families.

"Come on again! Smarter man cry—a strong man cry. Gimme much hat-gimme much eat, I say!—Tooked me of bways—huh!—excuse me! I'm so glad—excuse me! I'm respectab'—respectab' man, man. Got nice ill' wife and 'presh-presh' prezehrate her. Goin' home like respectab'—respectab' man.

"'Wa's smarter with me! I'm all r'l. You're all r'l, too, but—but—but—huh! 'cause me. I'm goin' home. Got nice home, an' I'm respectab' man!"

And Mr. Jarr shook hands warmly, all around and continued playing in the same state of stationary still till the game broke up at 8 A. M.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Cream Cheese and Nuts.

TAKE a package of cream cheese and put in a bowl with several spoonfuls of prepared salad dressing and mix thoroughly with a silver or wooden spoon. While one does this another can be chopping English walnuts or pecans in a wooden bowl. When the nuts are ready stir them into the cheese and dressing. When all ingredients are well mixed spread the paste on square crisp crackers.

Corn Salad.

CUT cold boiled corn from the cob, carefully removing any shreds of silk that have lingered between the kernels. Line a salad bowl with small cubes of chocolate as usual for drinking, using at least three heaping teaspoonsful of grated chocolate to each pint of boiling water or milk. Cook in a double boiler and set aside to cool. When all well together and serve in tall glasses with either cold cream or whipped cream of whites of eggs, beaten stiff and sweetened, on top of the chocolate.

And Helen stopped, breathlessly, and gazed at him; her cheeks were flushed, and her hands still tightly clasped.

(To Be Continued.)

MAY MANTON'S DAILY FASHIONS.



Jumper Waist with Guimpes—Pattern No. 5441.

This jumper waist is one of the attractive novelties whose simplicity commands it at a glance, and which is suited to all the lighter-weight materials. This one is made of pale blue lawn silk, trimmed with a simple banding, and is worn over a guimpes of Persian lawn combined with lace. The guimpes are exceedingly dainty and charming, and the soft silk lends itself to the design of the waist with perfect success. The material can, however, be utilized both for the separate waist and the gown, and will be found charming in every material that is soft enough to drap with success, will be means very nearly all of the fashionable ones, if we except the cuttings designed exclusively for street wear.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for the waist, 2-1/4 yards 2-1/4 yards 22 ec 1-3/4 yards 44 inches wide, with 12 yards of bias; two guimpes 2 yards 20 inches wide, with 1 yard of all-over lace.

Pattern No. 5441 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch bust measure.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD, 250 West 45th Street, New York. Send ten cents in cash or stamps for each pattern.

IMPORTANT. Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

"KING MIDAS"—A Love Story—By UPTON SINCLAIR—Author of "THE JUNGLE"

Printed Exclusively in The Evening World.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Helen Davis is daughter of a rural clergyman living near New York. Mrs. Woodward, Helen's mother, is a widow. Helen has been studying music in Europe. On her return she meets her foster brother, Arthur, who has made a fortune in the gold fields of South Africa. Many years earlier, a woman had left Arthur as a baby, with Mr. Davis, telling the clergyman merely that she was a governess and a maid. She had brought Arthur up as a poet and genius. Helen, after meeting Arthur again, finds him to be a poet and genius, and enters Mr. Davis's study with the news that she has met a genius.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

"A GENIUS?" inquired Mr. Davis.

"Yes," said Helen, "and I've been walking around with him all morning out in the woods! Did you never hear that every place like that has a genius?"

"Yes," assented Mr. Davis, "but I don't understand your joke."

"This was the genius of Hilltown High School," laughed Helen.

"Oh, Arthur!"

"Yes; will you believe it, the dear boy had walked all the way from there to see me; and he waited out by the old seat at the spring?"

"But where is he now?"

"I don't know," said Helen. "It's very queer; I left him to go see Mrs. Woodward. He didn't go with me," she added. "I don't believe he felt inclined to charity."

"That is not like Arthur," said the other.

"I'm going to take him in hand, as becomes a clergyman's daughter," said Helen demurely. "I'm going to be a model daughter. Daddy—just you wait and see! I'll visit all your parishioners' lawn parties and 5 o'clock teas for you, and I'll play Handel's Largo and Siegfried's Funeral March whenever you want to write sermons. Won't you like that?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Davis, dubiously.

"Only I know you'd make a blot when I come to the cymbals," said Helen, and she doubled up her fists and hummed the passage, and gave so realistic an imitation of the cymbal-dashes in the great dirges that it almost upset the chair. Afterward she laughed one of her merriest laughs and kissed her father on the forehead.

"I heard it at Bayreuth," she said, "and it was just fine! It made your flesh creep all over you. And of Daddy, I brought home a souvenir of Wagner's grave!"

"Did you?" asked Mr. Davis, who knew very little about Wagner.

"Yes," said Helen. "Just a pebble I picked up near the cymbals!"

"I'm sure I can't call it a pebble," said Helen gravely;

"but he seemed so abstracted, and he seemed to have something to tell me. And thin he ran away!"

"That is very strange indeed," remarked the other.

"I shall have to speak to him about it."

"If he doesn't come back soon I'll go to look for him," said the girl. "I'm not going to let the water circles run off with my Arthur; there are such things that stream, because the song I was singing about was so."

And Helen sang as merrily as she could.

"Why speak I of a murmur?"

"No, I can't call it a murmur."

"Neath the wave their melody!"

"I will tell you what," said Mr. Davis, rising from his chair as he realized that the sermon had entirely vanished for the present. "You may go part of the way with me, and we'll stop in to see the Vaths."

"The Vaths!" gasped Helen. (Mr. Vath's village dairyman, whose farm lay on the outskirts of the town; the village dairyman's family was not one that Helen cared to visit.)

"My love," said Mr. Davis, "poor Mrs. Vath is placed before you to indicate the greater virtue; but I'm only a girl, and you mustn't expect subtlety from me."

"You don't want to turn me into a president of sewing societies, like that dreadful Mrs. Dale!"

"Helen," protested the other, helplessly, "I wish you would not refer to Mrs. Dale with that adjective; she is the best helper I have."

"But we can, Daddy; there is plenty of water in the world."

"Yes, of course; but when the mother is ill, and



"Shall I read it to you?" asked Arthur hesitatingly.

the father is troubled! For poor Mr. Vath has had

her, perhaps I can preside over meetings, too. But I can't now."

"I do not want you to, my love; but"

"And if I have to cling by the weaker virtue of cleanliness just for a little while, Daddy, you must not mind. I'll visit all your clean parishioners for you this summer!"

Mr. Davis looked grieved; Helen, when her first burst of glee had passed, noticed it and changed her mood. She put her arms around her father's neck and pressed her cheek against his.

"Daddy," she said coaxingly, "haven't I done charity enough for one day? You will surfeit me at the start, and then I'll be just as little fond of it as I was before. When I must let dirty children climb all over me, I can dress for the occasion."

"My dear," pleaded Mr. Davis, "godlessness is placed before cleanliness."

"Yes," admitted Helen, "and of course it is right for you to indicate the greater virtue; but I'm only a girl, and you mustn't expect subtlety from me."

"You don't want to turn me into a president of sewing societies, like that dreadful Mrs. Dale!"

"Helen," protested the other, helplessly, "I wish you would not refer to Mrs. Dale with that adjective; she is the best helper I have."

"Yes, Daddy," said Helen, with the utmost

conveniences; "when I have a dreadful eagle nose like

the father in the woods till the very last, he can carry me off my feet, though he makes the